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A Brave—and Good—Man

Harvey V. Higley is a brave man. He was a combat soldier in World War I, but whatever the Boche threw at him then is going to be remembered as confetti and ticker tape compared to the shot and shrapnel aimed his way after today.

False Economies Only Aid Erosion

Precious, Irreplaceable Soil Rolls Down Rivers... WASHINGTON—THE MISSISSIPPI river at flood crest is rolling down to the sea and carrying with it the stuff of life itself. It is carrying millions of tons of top-soil that can never be replaced.

THE WEAKNESS OF A SOCIETY THAT uses only the money measuring-rod was illustrated during the war by a remark that Jesse Jones is reported to have made. One of his assistants told him that a warehouse containing reserves of natural rubber had been destroyed by fire.

"Well it was insured, wasn't it?" Jones is said to have replied. That was at a moment when the war effort was seriously imperiled by a desperate lack of rubber.

Behind the dollar sign is the threat to the well being, yes, to the very existence of the nation. There are those with expert knowledge who believe that the great bread basket of America in the Midwest is rapidly approaching the stage of erosion that existed in the South 20 years ago.



CHILDERS

Without an immediate large-scale advance to check the rate of erosion, our best farming country will go on washing down into the great sewer of the Gulf of Mexico. That means widening gulches. It means barren sub-surface clay and rock. It means eventually drought, dust storms, and desert.

IN THE FACE OF ALL THIS, WITH every river in the Mississippi system boiling brown with precious soil, it is hard to understand a congress that hacks away at the funds for the soil conservation service. It is hard to understand until you remember that "economy" to most members of the 80th congress means dollars. Such economy completely and tragically overlooks the loss of the wealth that is our bone and sinew, our staff and our strength.

The bureau of the budget recommended an appropriation of \$48,120,000 for the soil conservation service. That was a little less than \$2,000,000 over last year's budget. The house cut this to \$40,273,000, and the senate has thus far shown little disposition to restore even a part of the cut.

Arbitrarily the house cut the amount available for research from \$1,423,000 to \$673,000. That somehow points up the folly of this dollar economy, for if one thing is important it is to work on new ways to stop the soil loss in the good earth that feeds and clothes us.

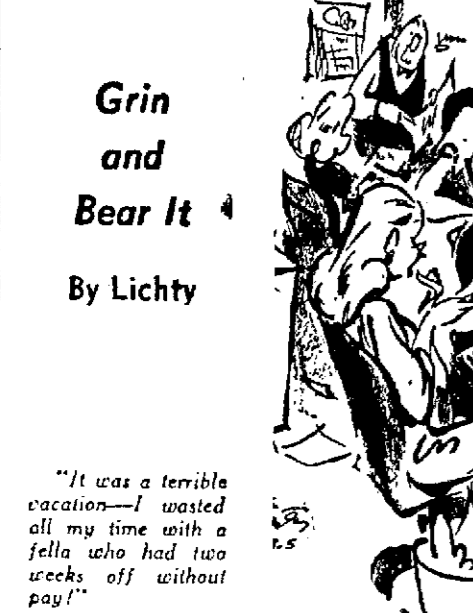
ONE OF THE IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS of the federal government in these matters is to provide know-how and guidance for the states and local districts that are setting up soil-conservation projects. There are more than 1,600 such districts covering about three-fourths of all the farms in the United States.

But in spite of what has been done so far, the losses are still terrifically large. H. H. Bennett, chief of the soil conservation service, estimates we are losing around 500,000 acres of farmland through erosion every year. Measured by the dollar sign, this is at least a million dollars a year.

Soil conservation, through terracing, contour plowing, and numerous other techniques, is directed related to floods. The more water that can be kept in the soil, the lower the level of the flooded rivers. Bennett believes it is possible to cut down flood crests as much as 20 per cent through work now being undertaken.

FROM ONE RIVER SYSTEM YOU HEAR no reports of floods. This is the Tennessee valley. Thanks to TVA, the Tennessee system is today the best-controlled river system in the world.

Heavy rainfall in the Tennessee valley in 1945 and '46 would almost certainly have brought major flood damage at such vulnerable points as Chattanooga if it had not been for TVA dams and conservation system. Here is an example of constructive effort that stands out in startling contrast to the disaster in the Mississippi valley—a disaster that will cost \$100,000,000 quite apart from the soil loss. We can do these things if only we will have faith in our own powers.



Grin and Bear It By Lichty

"It was a terrible vacation—I wasted all my time with a fella who had two weeks off without pay!"



Our Town News of Your Neighbors... Gathered by The State Journal Staff... Edited by Russell B. Pyre

Staunch Republican that he is, Arthur Tiller suffered a galling disappointment last week when he almost, but not quite, caught a big musky on a 1932-Hoover campaign button.

"Another of those incredible fish stories, huh?" Well, hold on a minute, mister, until you hear all the facts in the case.

Years ago Louis Johnson, one of the foremost musky men on the Flambeau flowage, put Art wise to a sure-fire device to be used in place of a large hook, in fishing for muskies with sucker bait. Its chief virtue, according to Art, is that you don't have to wait so long for the musky to swallow the bait before you "set back" on him.

You take a piece of stout wire, sharpen it at both ends, then double it into an oversized hairpin which you thrust into the sucker's mouth, first having given the sucker an anesthetic (to satisfy the humane requirements of the SPCA) in the form of a sharp, preferably lethal whack on the noggin.

The sharp ends of the wire, emerging below the gills, are bent back toward the sucker's nose, so that when the musky swallows the bait, the sharp ends catch in his gullet and the more he pulls the deeper they sink.

The next essential piece of equipment is a flat metal ring, which you slip over the loop in the wire and down into the sucker's mouth so your bait won't go flying off across the lake when you cast.

You tie the sucker's lips together over the disk with a piece of strong black fishing line, and to keep the line from slipping off the lips you tie the ends behind the sucker's head with a sort of knit-one-purl-two stitch—or, er, hitch—and your harness is complete. Then attach your wire leader to the protruding loop and you're all set.

Well, last week Art went up to Earle Kidd's place on Little Star lake in Vilas county with his boy, Tommy, to catch muskies.

Determined to get a big one, Art selected as bait a 16-inch sucker, and how he ever expected to toss that sucker more than 20 feet with a light Pal rod is beyond me!

Rummaging in his old tackle box, he found the sharpened wire but no metal disks, and for the moment Art was stumped. But in the box also were three bronze Hoover buttons, about the size of a nickel, and the problem was solved. With a hole punched in its center, one of the buttons served admirably as a metal ring.

Art and Tommy slobbered that sucker around quite a while before they got any action and it was almost dark when a musky seized the bait about 20 feet from the boat and started walking away with it.

Art patiently allowed the musky to go wherever he pleased, and the big fish dragged the boat slowly toward shore.

Presently, over a deep spot, the musky went down, down, down, all of 25 feet, when Art felt a "squeak" in his line that signaled the bane of all fishermen—a snag.

And the sucker, detached from the musky, came floating to the surface.

Obviously, Art explains, the fish hadn't even tried to swallow, nor even to scale the sucker, which he had carried crosswise in his mouth like a dog carrying a bone home from the grocery.

And how big was the musky? Well, one gash from his teeth had ripped open the sucker's mouth, exposing the Hoover button, while another gash well below the dorsal fin almost severed the sucker's body.

Which means, according to Art's calculations, that the musky's jaws were at least seven inches wide!

During the past two weeks when they were vacationing on the remote upper end of Lake Nipigon, in Ontario, County Judge Fred Evans, Atty. Adolph Bieberstein and John Stumreiter and three others allowed their beards to grow.

Just before returning home they all shaved, but John decided to leave his mustache intact "to see how his wife would like it."

The day after their arrival, when Atty. Stumreiter appeared on a case in his court, the judge noticed that the mustache was gone.

The Cy Tilsons of 522 North Pinckney st. are a little hesitant about seeing "grandma" over in Milwaukee.

She called up the other day and talked with her daughter-in-law for a while. Then Mrs. Tilson turned the phone over to her daughter, 2-year-old Lynn.

Lynn got tired of talking to grandma. She turned to another 2-year-old.

"Talk to my grandma," she said, autocritically.

Two-year-old No. 2 babbled a bit about a boat he hoped his Daddy was going to buy him and then lapsed into a deep silence.

And all of this at the usual long distance rates from Milwaukee to Madison.

Mike Haynes, the genial story teller who has been traveling for the Barrett Co. asphalt division 18 years, has switched his role from salesman to customer. Early this week Mike took over a new job with the Rock Road Construction Co., Chicago.

On Monday, his list day, Joseph Loy, machinist, who retired July 1 after 52 years of service with the Chicago and North Western road, put in one of the hardest days since he started with the company at Baraboo. He was sent to Beloit and Janesville to help repair locomotives. Janesville has a machinist, but he was on vacation.

Many changes have been made in the Madison railway yards since Joe came here 46 years ago. The old roundhouse on S. Brearly st. was torn down and a new one built in Monona yards. A new passenger station and freight house also have replaced old buildings. Joe worked in the Baraboo roundhouse six years before being transferred to Madison.

Common Ideology The biggest ideological question facing half of mankind today is "When do we eat?"—Pittsburgh Press.

How You Depend on Foreign Trade

It Puts \$1 of Every \$15 in Your Pocket

By JOHN CRAWFORD (Copyright, Overseas News Agency)

NEW YORK—A PICTURE PERSISTS of the United States, in the eyes of many Americans, as a self-sufficient giant taking part in the United Nations as a chivalrous gesture.

Actually, interdependence is the first law of the modern world.

The interrelation of modern states shows up most clearly in the foreign trade and it is vital to try to understand just what foreign trade does mean to the average American.

Experts in many fields agree that ten billion dollars of the national income comes from foreign trade. This amounts to one dollar out of every \$15 in your pocket. (The very paper money and its ink depend on materials brought from abroad.)

TRACING AN AVERAGE MAN through a day, we can see how foreign trade affects him. The dyes of his sleepwear and the buttons are likely to be imported. The down in his pillows, the blankets, the filling of his mattress and the steel alloy of his bed-springs come from abroad.

The nickel of his plumbing in the shower was bought in Canada, the glaze on the tiling includes rare earths from Australia.

His cotton undergarments came from Southern staple but the thread of the seams is from Egypt, the buttons from Czechoslovakia. The wool suit is domestic but the thread is Egyptian, the lining British, and the buttons, Czechoslovakian.

More than 1,000 raw materials go into his shoes, and at least 62 per cent of the hides and skins come from abroad. Foreign countries provide 70 per cent of the tanning material.

BREAKFAST COFFEE COMES FROM Latin America, tea from Asia, sugar from Cuba, the pepper for the egg, from Netherlands East Indies.

The after-breakfast cigaret is a blend of domestic tobacco with Turkish, Greek or Bulgarian leaf. His cigar is Netherlands or Cuban wrapper with domestic filler. If the average American owns his automobile, that presumably is an American invention, product of American mass production, and made of native products. Actually, the car uses 200 materials imported from 55 countries.

His lunch-time "hot dog" uses seasonings from 25 countries.

The telephone and electric light are both American-invented, but the bulb would dim without tungsten from China, Bolivia, or Mexico. The telephone instrument uses 37 materials, 18 from outside the United States.

He goes to one of the 58,000,000 jobs in this country. It might be that his is one of the 3,500,000 gainful positions that would disappear if there were no foreign trade.

THE FARMER IS ALSO INVOLVED IN foreign trade. Southern growers depend on overseas markets for about half their cotton sales, 40 per cent of their tobacco, and 10 per cent of wheat.

In case of illness in the family, the doctor's prescription calls on the druggist to

use some of the drugs brought from 102 different countries.

Even the baby is tied to foreign trade. Nickel from Canada goes into the lowly safety-pin. Rubber from the East Indies caps the nursing bottle. Kapok from Batavia cushions his crib.

REALIZATION OF THESE FACTS helps to point up the significance of a statement by Harold H. Hutcheson of the Foreign Policy Association, that economic nationalism leads to the "demise of our system of free private enterprise."

A recent bulletin of the Federal Reserve system describes the United States as no longer the wartime arsenal of democracy but the post-war "larder and workshop" of the world. It pictures exports moving at the rate of ten billion dollars for 1946, of which food formed one-fourth. Before the war, food made up one-sixteenth of our foreign trade.

Trade figures for this year promise 11 billions in exports and possibly six billions in imports. The export surplus and possibly six billions in imports. The export surplus calling for credit facilities, through the Export-Import Bank or the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, is estimated at \$3,500,000,000. Existing foreign-owned assets here are expected to take care of the balance.

Experts in government and industrial circles alike stress the desirability of untrammelled trade, though not necessarily "free" trade in the historic sense as a means of combating cartels, dumping, prohibitive tariffs, monopolies, unilateral trade subsidies, currency devaluations and price wars, and other trade deterrents. Healthy competition is described as the aim.

Britain's Tramps Being Put to Work

LONDON—(ONA)—To hoboes in Britain, the Big Rock Candy mountains are fading into the green mists of the old vagrant's nostalgic dream.

There is no more pie in the sky, and the government is going after them.

If authorities have their way, the idyllic life of the tramp wandering Britain's leafy, rolling highways and byways will soon be at an end. In a nation hungry for manpower, the professional tramp has become an insupportable and a social fellow who must, in Dickens' words, be "put down."

He must now go to work.

Leader in this project is the progressive London county council whose chief "processing center" for tramps is the architecturally uninspiring Cambridge well institution here.

Every tramp who falls under the eye in London of Authority sooner or later finds himself in the cheerless cubicle there.

A young man armed with a questionnaire asks: "Name? Age? Place of birth? Profession?"

Answers are as varied as the tangled motives which have lured men to the roads throughout history.

The welfare office writes out a brief form: "Take this to the nearest labor exchange."

This is an urgent message to the exchange to get him work and see that he keeps it at it. The little card is the death-certificate to the old free life. Sad, but from the viewpoint of government officials, inevitable and necessary.

Before World War II, Britain had about 7,000 professional tramps. National Service and conscription cut that number to only 200.

But after the war's end, the figures began to rise.

Under Aneurin Bevan, minister of health,

Berlin Stunt Has A Nazi Overtone

Parlor Trick Pokes Fun at Big Four, and More

By LANDRUM BOLLING

BERLIN—ALL OVER THIS RESTIVE country the Germans, facing food and coal shortages and industrial breakdowns, are playing a new parlor stunt which pokes fun at the four occupation powers and conceivably could be interpreted as Nazi propaganda.

It is a clever bit of nonsense, with sinister overtones, which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The performer starts by saying, "I will now show you the true results of the Moscow conference of the Big Four." Thereupon, he takes a page torn from a newspaper, folds it into a double-thickness triangle, diaper-fashion, but with a single-thickness rectangle left at the top.

"This rectangle," he says, "is East Prussia. In accord with the foreign ministers' agreement, we simply take our scissors and snip it off."

Next the triangle unfolds into a square which the mock-lecturer says represents present Germany. It is quickly refolded four times into smaller and smaller triangles—symbolizing the four zonal divisions. Then the apex, called international Berlin, is cut off, and when its scraps are unfolded there are revealed four little squares, the sectors of Berlin.

"And now, dear friends," the spiel goes on, "we unfold our paper and get a good view of just what the Moscow conference brought to the Germans. It means that once more we will wear these symbols."

The first unfolding reveals a neat V, in the same design as German private first-class wore. The performer puts it against his sleeve. Next he unfolds a good copy of the Wehrmacht eagle, which he puts over the right side of his chest.

"And finally we must complete denazification and demilitarization, snip off the Saar for France, all our territories east of the Oder river for Poland, and a portion of Schleswig-Holstein for Denmark. As soon as we have finished these things, we can see the ultimate result of the Moscow conference."

With a few deft strokes of the scissors as he talks, to punctuate each point, the performer at last unfolds the paper completely and shouts, "Here is what we get!"

The end result as he holds it aloft is a perfect Nazi swastika.

As a parlor game, it is extraordinarily good, as propaganda it is hard to beat. As a fad, it is sweeping Germany.

the plan will close all the old unhygienic flophouses, which encourage vagrancy. In their place will be a string of cheerful and dishearteningly clean reception centers where the vagrant's case is examined and every effort made to get his nose back to the grindstone.

Because the tramp is such an appealing figure, the government is concealing the iron fist in the velvet glove momentarily. But a grim forebode of the lengths it may go was seen in Devonshire. Officials are now collecting tramps wherever they can be found, transporting them to central depots, and then inflicting upon them the ultimate horror—work.

WHA SUNDAY

Table with columns for WHA and WHA-FM frequencies and programs. Includes times for Concert Hour, News, Music, and Diner Musicale.

OTHER STATIONS SUNDAY

Table listing various radio stations and their programs for Sunday, including WBBM, WISN, and WISN-TV.

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Radio

Tonight's Aces

Drama 8 p. m.—Mystery Without Murder (WIBA): new series starring Luther Adler as Detective Peter Gentle, who hates violence.

Music 8 p. m.—Theater of the Air (WIBU): "Secrets of the Night," new waltz; "Apple Blossom" medley; "Yours is My Heart Alone"; "Melody of Love" Saturday Night Serenade (WBBM): at new time, with new star—Vic Damone.

Variety 6:30 p. m.—East by East (WIBA): sketch, "Adventure in World Friendship" interviews about Boy Scout Drum and Bugle corps trip.

Quiz 6 p. m.—20 Questions (WGN): Benjamin Cohen, information director of United Nations, guest.

WIBA TONIGHT

Table listing WIBA programs for tonight, including Sports Parade, Can You Top This, and Life of Riley.

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